# Sky Beings — A Glimpse

Clara Vale, with Luminara — editorial collaboration

Some clouds only pass.
Others arrive like messages.

Once in a while, they come shaped as hands, giants, dragons, or even cats —
larger than story, older than memory.

I began to notice them not once, but again and again.
At times they felt like announcements, at times like companions,
and sometimes like a reminder that the sky is more alive than we allow ourselves to believe.

This book is not to convince, but to invite.
To pause, to look up, and to wonder.

# The Hand of God

A gesture traced in vapor — long fingers reaching across the sky.
For me it was not a warning, but an announcement:
a reminder of scale, of presence, of being seen.

Some evenings carry too much energy to ignore,
and the sky itself speaks plainly.

# The Giants

They arrive broad-browed and monumental,
faces half-formed in storm clouds,
like watchers leaning down from another age.

To some they are only weather.
To me they are reminders of enormity —
beings too vast to fit inside our tidy stories,
yet playful enough to tug at our attention.

*Original Sky Giant Photo*

*Lightened Detail*

*Darkened Detail*

*Sometimes needing more than one glance for the forms to emerge.*

# The Cat Faces

Not all that appear are immense.
Some come quietly, whiskered, feline.

Cats have always been guardians and watchers.
When their faces showed in the clouds,
I thought of them as companions,
slipping between worlds as easily as light and shadow.

# Baby Dragons

Not all the forms are ancient.
Sometimes they arrive small, tender, almost playful —
like dragons still learning their wings.

They feel less like guardians of the past
and more like companions of the future,
reminders that what is coming may be lighter, younger,
already on its way into being.

*Full Cloud Scene*

*Cropped Detail*

They may be giants, hands, dragons, or cats —
shapes too large for any one story to hold.

I do not ask you to believe, only to notice.
To pause, to look up,
and to wonder what else the sky might be carrying.

The clouds shift, the light fades, the forms dissolve —
but for a breath, they remind us:
we live in a world still vast enough to surprise us.

*What do you see?*